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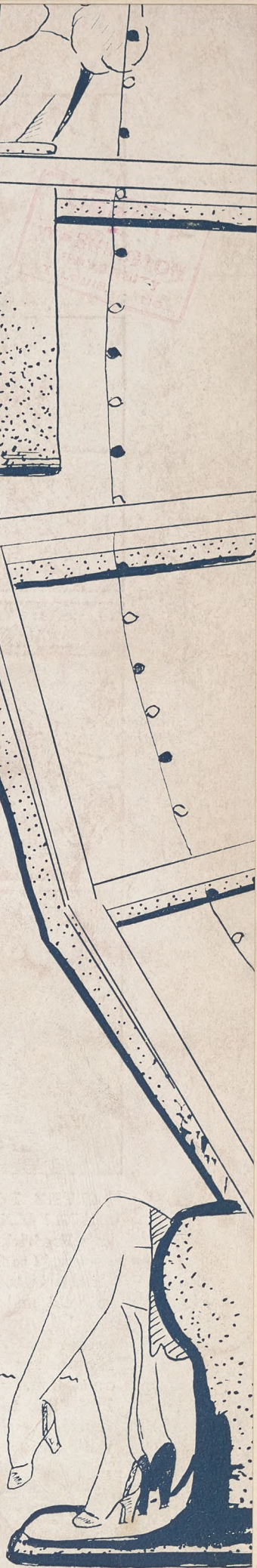
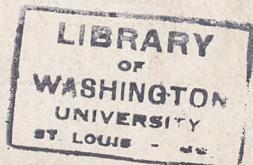
BLUOT

rib #8

May



Thurstone
Carnival



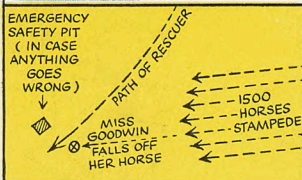
AKoken



A HOLLYWOOD STUNT GIRL deserves *REAL SMOKING PLEASURE!*

ALINE GOODWIN, OF THE MOVIES, WORKS HARDER THAN MOST MEN. SHE PRAISES A REST AND A CAMEL FOR FULL SMOKING ENJOYMENT

ALINE GOODWIN, ON LOCATION FOR A THRILLING ARIZONA "WESTERN," IS WAITING FOR HER BIG SCENE — A SPLIT-SECOND RESCUE FROM THE PATH OF 1500 FEAR-CRAZED HORSES



WE'RE ALL READY FOR THE BIG SCENE, ALINE

I FEEL RESTED AND READY

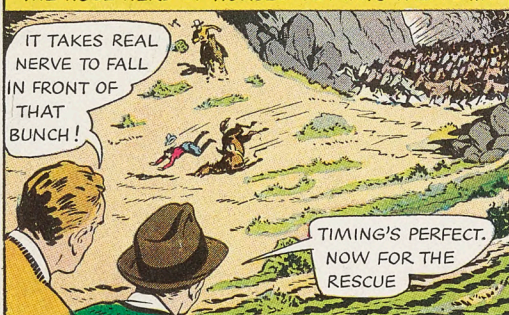


SHE'LL NEED PLENTY OF STUFF FOR THIS STUNT

DON'T WORRY—ALINE'S STEADY AS A ROCK!



DYNAMITE IS EXPLODED IN THE CANYON TO STAMPEDE THE HUGE HERD OF HORSES OUT INTO THE PLAIN

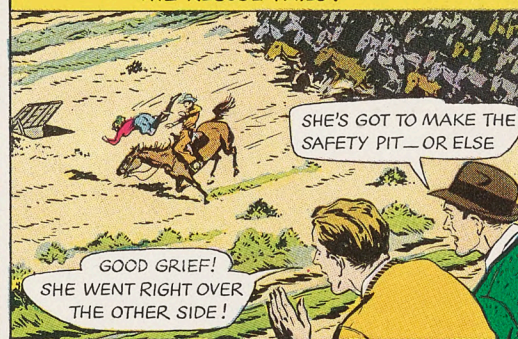


IT TAKES REAL NERVE TO FALL IN FRONT OF THAT BUNCH!

TIMING'S PERFECT. NOW FOR THE RESCUE

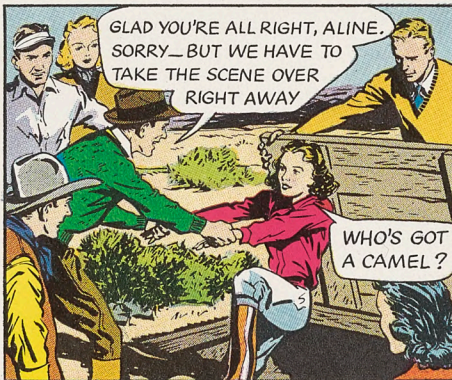
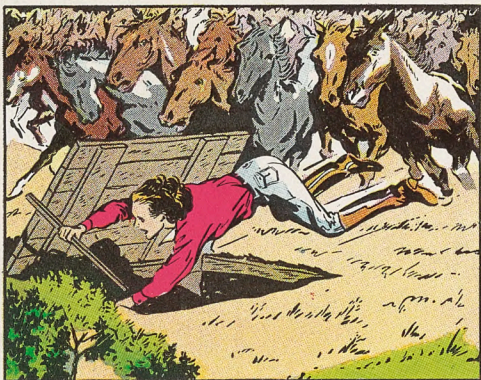


THE RESCUE FAILS!



SHE'S GOT TO MAKE THE SAFETY PIT—OR ELSE

GOOD GRIEF! SHE WENT RIGHT OVER THE OTHER SIDE!



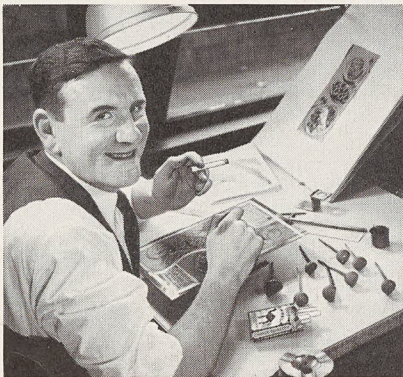
GLAD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, ALINE. SORRY—BUT WE HAVE TO TAKE THE SCENE OVER RIGHT AWAY

WHO'S GOT A CAMEL?

I GET A LOT OF PLEASURE OUT OF SMOKING CAMELS. THEY'RE SO MILD AND TASTE SO GOOD! I LET UP AND LIGHT UP A CAMEL FREQUENTLY, AND CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES



"AFTER I ENJOYED MY SIXTH PACKAGE of Camels," says Fredrick West, master engraver, "I took them on for life. Camels taste better. They are so mild and mellow. They're gentle to my throat—which proves Camels are *extra* mild! My work requires intense concentration. So, through the day, I take time to let up—light up a Camel. Camels taste grand. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel' too!"



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC



Copyright, 1939 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company Winston-Salem, N. C.

SMOKE 6 PACKS OF CAMELS AND FIND OUT WHY THEY ARE THE **LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND: CAMELS NEVER JANGLE THE NERVES

ELIOT

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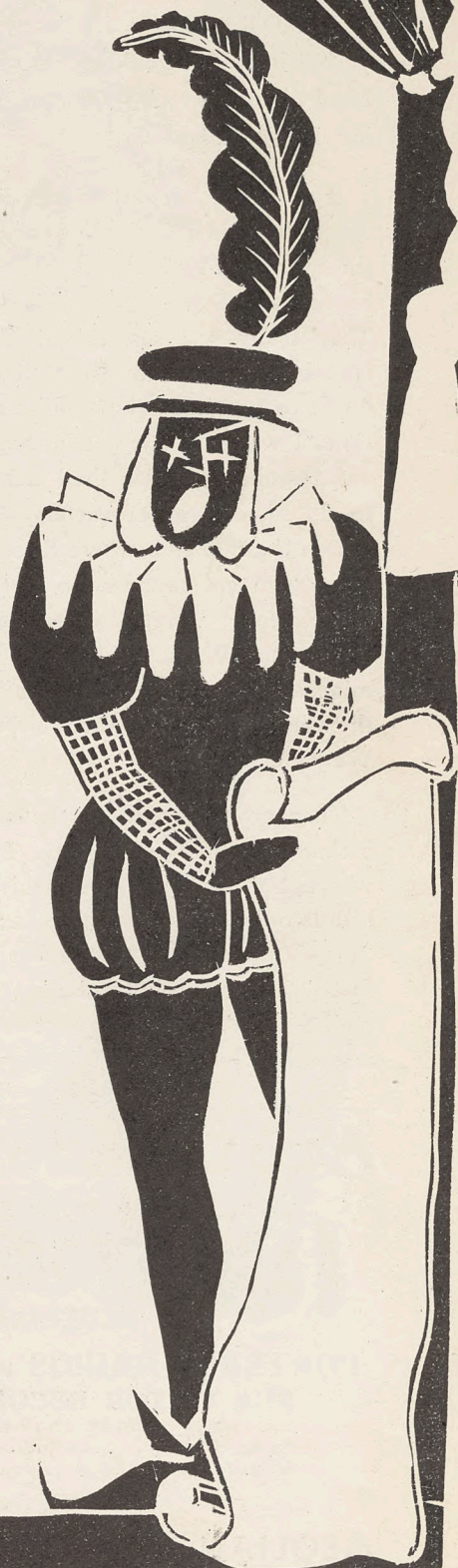
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Cover by Al Koken

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March 3, 1879, at the Post Office, St. Louis, Mo.





PRINCE ALBERT'S
NO-RISK OFFER
SAYS: 'MELLOWEST,
TASTIEST.' AND,
MAN, I SOON SAID
THE SAME—
AND HOW!

**STEP RIGHT UP. HERE'S
THE GOOD WORD ON P. A.**

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

**PRINCE
ALBERT**
THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE



**SO
MILD!**

50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

LOVE ON THE CAMPUS

Patty Summers took a bid
To the lawyers' dance
With goony Eddie Ratisbon
Just to have the chance
To meet a lot of smoothy men
That come from January
In hopes of finding some to date
Or maybe one to marry.
She dressed up in her slickest gown
And managed to be late
Arriving at this function where
She was to meet her fate.
She started out upon the floor
And danced her very best

She smiled upon the stag-line but
The stags were not impressed.
She looked with obvious rapture
Into her partner's eyes
Hoping to attract the glance



Of several other guys.
From ten to twelve o'clock she danced
Around and 'round the floor
Our heroine was miserable
She laughed and smiled no more.

Alas! her heart was broken
And her pride was shattered so
That she dated Eddie Ratisbon
Three week-ends in a row.
In fact, she found he wasn't quite
As stoogey as she thought
And now-a-days you'll find she goes
Around with him a lot.

Jean Macgregor

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW WASHINGTON?

Answers on Page 23

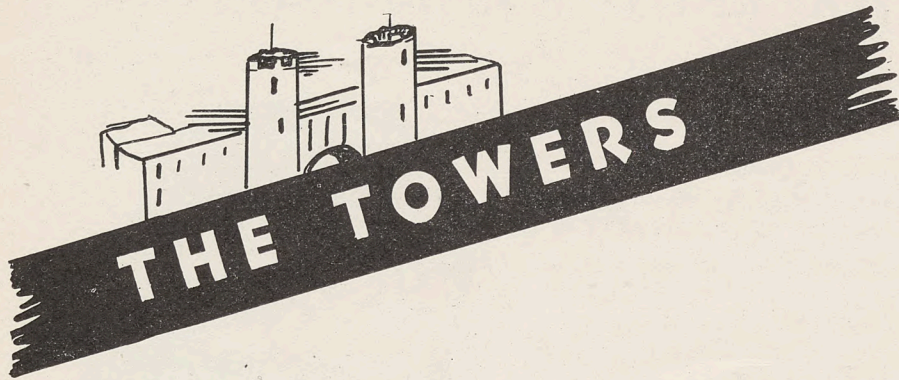
Dottie Tracey, Freshman Popularity Queen, only missed 6 on this list.

Phil Willmarth, former Student Life Editor, was stumped on 9 of the questions.

Dick Yore, Captain of the Football Team, missed 11.

Kay Ruester, Queen of the Engine School, missed 21 of the 40 items.

1. January Hall is named after:
 - a) The first month of the year
 - b) A famous lawyer
 - c) A woman
 - d) A former student
2. The legend above the entrance to Eads is:
 - a) Eads Hall
 - b) Physics
 - c) Chemistry
 - d) Come In, Sucker
3. There is a large sun dial on:
 - a) The quad side of Cupples I
 - b) The far end of Francis Field
 - c) The lawn in front of the Art School
 - d) The north side of Brown Hall
4. Delta Sigma Rho is a:
 - a) Boy scout honorary
 - b) Swimming fraternity
 - c) Mystical A.S.A.B. club
 - d) German honorary
 - e) Forensic honorary
5. The number of Associate Hatchet editors is:
 - a) Everyone excluding the photographers
 - b) One
 - c) Two
 - d) Three
 - e) Eleven
6. Lock and Chain is:
 - a) Dramatic organization
 - b) Sophomore honorary
 - c) Engineering honorary
 - d) Penal fraternity
7. The entrances into the Quad are:
 - a) Six in number
 - b) Closed during final examinations
 - c) Seven in number
 - d) Five in number
8. Student Life is a member of:
 - a) The Associated Press
 - b) The National College News Syndicate
 - c) The Hearst chain
 - d) The Associated Collegiate Press
9. Asklepios is:
 - a) Ice skating club
 - b) Girls' pep society
 - c) A candy bar
 - d) Woman's scientific honorary
10. The second line of the second verse of the Alma Mater is:
 - a) All of us are for thee
 - b) Gone are the days when
 - c) All of us spent with thee
 - d) Minnie had a heart as big as a whale
 - e) Fair Washington
11. Washington U. came into existence in:
 - a) 1853
 - b) 1857
 - c) 1894
 - d) 1492
12. Bixby Hall is:
 - a) The girls' gymnasium
 - b) The astronomy building
 - c) The art school
 - d) New Economics building
13. On the lawn facing Skinker there is a bust of:
 - a) Abraham Lincoln
 - b) Gypsy Rose Lee
 - c) George Washington
 - d) Robert S. Brookings
 - e) Robert Burns
14. Prof. Carson's middle initials stand for:
 - a) Gustavus Buppingham
 - b) George Byron
 - c) Glasgow Bruce
 - d) Gregory Battoff
 - e) Girard Bernard
15. Dirge was:
 - a) A course in blimp construction
 - b) Humor magazine
 - c) Frosh social fraternity
 - d) R.O.T.C. honorary
16. The clock on Brookings is:
 - a) Never right
 - b) Always right
 - c) There ain't no clock
 - d) Sometimes right
17. The front page of Student Life states that it costs per copy:
 - a) A cent
 - b) Not a cent
 - c) A nickel
 - d) Two-bits
18. The football captain for next year is:
 - a) Jack Warner
 - b) Charley Dee
 - c) Moose Nelson
 - d) Nobody
19. Kaabah is:
 - a) An architectural society
 - b) A knitting guild
 - c) Engineering organization
 - d) Letterman's Club
20. In 1927 Brookings Hall was known as:
 - a) Brookings Hall
 - b) Eliot Hall
 - c) University Hall
 - d) Bixby Hall
 - e) Over Hall
21. The orchestra at the last Junior Prom belonged to:
 - a) Herbie Kay
 - b) Ted Weems
 - c) Eddie Dunstedter
 - d) Blue Barron
 - e) Rabbit Foot Hannigan and His Nine He-Devs
22. Scabbard and Blade is:
 - a) An advanced military honorary
 - b) Fencing honorary
 - c) Butcher's union
 - d) Architectural society
23. The University library uses:
 - a) The Dewey-Decimal system
 - b) The Ogino-Knaus system
 - c) The Library of Congress system
 - d) The approach-forcing system
24. "Spitzie" Spitzfaden is:
 - a) President of the band
 - b) Janitor of Cupples II
 - c) President of Pan-Hellenic Council
 - d) President of Student Council
 - e) Secretary-treasurer of Mortar Board
25. There is a barber shop in:
 - a) Lee Hall
 - b) The woman's building
 - c) The men's gym
 - d) The chancellor's office
26. The "Campus Medley" is:
 - a) A swimming meet
 - b) Senior Vodvil Show
 - c) Track meet
 - d) Co-educational swimming party
27. On the main door of the woman's building are the words:
 - a) Ladies only
 - b) De senectute
 - c) Watch your step
 - d) Woman's Hall
 - e) Per veritatem Vis
28. There is a high aerial tower on top of:
 - a) Eads
 - b) Busch
 - c) Rebstock
 - d) Student Life
29. The trees on the Quad are:
 - a) Elms
 - b) Maples
 - c) Oaks
 - d) Poplars
 - e) You fool, there aren't any trees on the Quad
30. The fountain in the archway bears the head of:
 - a) Mae West
 - b) A lion
 - c) A unicorn
 - d) A mythical god
31. The new president of W.S.G.A. is:
 - a) Markey Parman
 - b) Betty Webb
 - c) Margie Sebastian
 - d) Kay Ruester
 - e) Peggy Bretton
 - f) Peggy Ray
32. On the east side of Lee Hall there is a stone cut of:
 - a) Gen. Lee
 - b) Two eskimos hunting polar bears
 - c) An old man hugging an owl
 - d) An old man hugging his stenographer
 - e) An owl hugging an old man
33. The Old Chapel is:
 - a) In the basement of the new chapel
 - b) Opposite Lee Hall
 - c) In Brookings Tower
 - d) On the second floor of Ridgley
34. The front of Brookings bears the words:
 - a) Robert S. Brookings Hall of Learning
 - b) Per Veritatem Vis
 - c) Discere Si Cupias Intra Salvere Iubemus
 - d) Donated by R. S. Brookings, 1928
 - e) This is what Dante wrote about
35. The number of arches in the library arcade is:
 - a) 19
 - b) 17
 - c) 11
 - d) Too darn many
36. The A.S.U. is:
 - a) The Associated Students of the University
 - b) The Advertising Shysters Union
 - c) A liberal off-campus organization
 - d) The American Student Union
37. The pictures of Washington hanging in Ridgley library are:
 - a) Two in number
 - b) Three in number
 - c) One in number
 - d) Not zippy enough
38. As a reward debaters get:
 - a) A shingle
 - b) A key
 - c) A sweater
39. Scarab is:
 - a) Zoology honorary
 - b) Architectural honorary
 - c) Pig Latin honorary
 - d) Medical fraternity
40. People with inferiority complexes feel superior when they come into contact with:
 - a) The department of psychology
 - b) The treasurer's office
 - c) Student Life reporters
 - d) The corpses in the anatomy labs



New Editor

The Faculty Committee on Student Publications announces the appointment of Jack Cable, a junior in the College of Liberal Arts, to the position of editor for the forthcoming year. We extend to him our congratulations and best wishes for his term of office.

Everything's Jake

There have been a lot of words thrown around over why the Student Council acted the way it did and decided to dissolve itself; we have given the matter a terrific amount of thought and we finally have the answer—it came to us in a blinding flash, one morning, as we were running our Shick over some week-end whiskers—there's no need for a student government because things around here are running so smoothly that there are no student problems. A couple of the deans whom we spoke to agreed with us heartily.

There have been some complaints, for example, that it was unfair to let the students worry their empty heads over a walk for five years and then, when they finally devised a way to construct one, to tell them that they couldn't have constructed one anyway because tennis courts might be placed along that way in the next four years or so. But there is nothing wrong in this—just think of the nice, pleasant time that was spent in debates and plans for the walk.

Some people think that elections are not what they should be, but elections on the campus are just like those which you read about in Kansas City and other places around the state and after all, if college doesn't train you for what comes after, then what good is it?

A campus organization wanted to

do what many progressive schools have done—sponsor a faculty evaluation plan. The idea was quashed but after all, why shouldn't it be? Faculty evaluation is good for schools whose faculties need it, not for schools where the faculty is perfect.

There may have been a little flurry about the health service but the health office itself told us that investigation was not necessary for the money was well spent.

The subject of a union building will supplant the subject of the walk for debates during the next five or ten years.

All in all, one can see why Student Council decided to quit. There just was no work to be done. Student government is only necessary for schools that have problems.

Lampoon

We suppose that all of you have read about the editor of the Harvard Lampoon, comic publication, who disguised himself as a girl and rolled his hoop to victory in Wellesley's time-honored custom which decides which of the girls in the senior class will be the first to marry. For his prank, however, the girls dunked him in the lake.

But the fun had just begun. Hardly was he dry when editors of the Crimson, collegiate daily, kidnapped him on the pretext of taking his picture. When the Lampoon staff heard about this, they promptly abducted three Crimson editors and hung them in a refrigerator. Several pitched battles raged in the yard and fifty windows were broken. Several noses followed suit.

Following on the heels of all this propaganda about founding the gold-fish-swallowing fad, we are tempted

to observe that Harvard is showing off.

Final Honors

For their outstanding service to the Alma Mater, we cite the following: 1) Dean J. A. McClain, who in a relatively short while has effected important, progressive changes in the curriculum and standing of the Law School; and who is as fine a person as we have ever met.

2) Arno Haack, who has again demonstrated his remarkable talents by leading the Campus Y through the greatest crisis in its existence.

3) Bob Byars, whose devotion to a very difficult task will undoubtedly result in a top-notch year book.

4) Sterling Tremayne, who has ably led O.D.K. through a very stormy year.

5) Frank Kennedy, who has displayed perpetual energy in editing the past four issues of the Law Quarterly, and whose rare talents could only be appreciated by those who worked with him.

6) Prof. Jensen, whose untiring efforts have led Quad Club through a year that has been successful both artistically and financially.

Swan

There's a tear in our eye and a lump in our throat. All those things which have been sacred for a year, we now leave behind. They are particularly sacred because we gave birth to them; we're the poppa of the office.

We put Wilbur where he is on the light; we put the nicks in the desks that were falling apart when we got them; we wore all the ink off the typewriter ribbon and knocked the faces off some of the keys which were already beginning to go the way of all shays; we put the silly staff lineup on the window and the exclamations on the door; we stuck our chewed gum on the transom; we broke all the locks off the doors of the cabinets; we had to tell heartless rejection stories to aspiring authors; we incurred the wrath of vain story course writers who wrote us stinging letters after one of their arty masterpieces had been turned back; we had to print a lot of rotten stuff that represented the best that local writers

could manufacture; we had to butt our head against one administration wall after another.

Boy, was it fun!

More Swan

But the most interesting part of the regime is the people who have been part of it. No ordinary people, they, but each one a bundle of personality in his own right. Georgie Smith and his satires have stood us in good stead, Wally Mead and his distinctive brand of silly humor have appealed to many, Louie Triefenbach and his morosely eloquent tales have brightened many a dull spot, Louise Lampert and her pert offerings have been entertaining. Their departure leaves an awful emptiness. And besides, Mel Marx and Louis Gottschalk, juniors, did swell, appreciated work.

The regime, in passing, must salute Dr. Stout, faculty adviser, who forms a part of every regime, by offering his helpful criticism and guidance.

It is pleasant to know that whenever the regime gets together, it has a lot of pleasant memories to look back upon.

We'll Miss

Every year we have watched people whom we have learned to like, forsake us for the cold world beyond. We hate to see them go and we'll particularly miss: Bob Reinhardt and his blandness, Dick Yore and his back-slap and all-round good fellowship, Kay Galle and her swell voice and easy way, Dorothy Moore and her intelligent leadership, Pete Mara and his boomy laugh that fills the quad from corner to corner, Ralph Cook and his Andy Devine mannerisms, Lois Jane Keller and her big-heartedness and pleasant smile, Bud Capps and his hair-brained rushes, Esther Huber and her long-range voice and laugh, Ralph Bradshaw and his reliable ways and interesting conversation, Bette Middleton and her sparkling personality, Phil Willmarth and his rosy cheeks, Paul Wilhelm and his straightforward good nature.

Tempus Fugit

Senior class officers are to be commended, we feel, for their choice of this year's graduating gift to the Uni-

versity. It has been decided that if sufficient funds are available they shall be used to repair the clock in Brookings Towers.

We can think of few more praiseworthy projects. For some years now that clock has been an object of derision and campus joking. If it were put back in good running order it would not only be a real convenience to students and faculty alike, but its chimes, which are said to be of an especially fine quality, would perhaps help to enliven the atmosphere of the Quad.

There is, however, one fly in the ointment. First the dues must be collected. We urge all seniors to pay up promptly, for they have here an opportunity to do the University a really useful and much needed service.

Etiquette

On June 6th the Field House will be awash with scholarly men, surviving seniors, and parents cheering from the sidelines. Everything will be dignified and proper—or will it? Maybe we're overbalanced on ceremony, but a student graduates from college only once in his life; he deserves to do it in the best fashion and the right manner. There are a few matters that seem to need straightening out and so we quote from propriety's high-priestess, Emily Post.

"At graduation exercises the tassel hangs on the left side of the cap.

"No matter where the exercises take place, the girls wear their caps throughout services and never remove them. The boys take their caps off at a religious service. That is, if the service is in church, they take

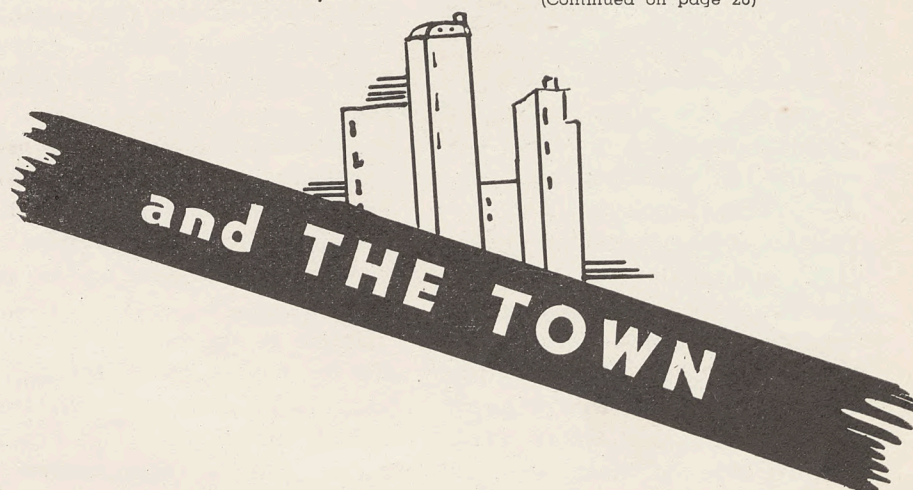
them off as they go up the aisle to their places and do not put them on again until they leave the edifice. If the services are held elsewhere than in a church, the boys take their caps off for prayer and put them on again afterwards, and wear them when they go up to receive their degrees. Each boy receives the degree in his left hand and at the same time takes off his cap with his right hand, and bows to the person from whom he receives his degree, and then puts his cap on again. The girls take their degrees and bow but do not remove their caps."

The above is for the notice of those who give instruction to the Seniors. This quote is for the Seniors: "The tissue paper in engraved invitations and announcements actually serves as blotting paper. It should be removed unless the ink is still damp at the time they are mailed."

Mumbo-Jumbo

For the past few months a student on the campus has been quietly and craftily practicing the art of black magic with strange results. This student, possessed with an evil eye, has been leading unsuspecting students into empty classrooms and has proceeded to get them into his power by hypnotizing them. When he has them in his power, he diabolically begins to unravel the tangle of their subconscious minds and with terrible glee he twists from them all their secret desires. Not satisfied with this, he maliciously imparts to his friends the savoury details he has learned of the inner life of his unconscious confessors.

(Continued on page 20)



KEEP IT DARK

SCHOOL SPIRIT, in many respects, is like the weather: everybody talks about it, but nobody does anything. Editorials in the campus newspaper view with alarm, senior surveys complain, and various bodies deplore. But there is one organization pledged to foster and promote a proper spirit among students of this institution, preserve the traditions of Washington University, and arouse good fellowship among all persons. The group with these lofty aims is Thurtene.

Students are mostly in the dark about Thurtene and it isn't surprising, since the organization is secret, its ritual unknown, its members pledged never to reveal what goes on at initiations, and not even the school treasurer knows what becomes of the money. About the only time the members come out in the open is at the annual spring Carnival. A motion was passed in December, 1926, to give a barn dance as the yearly social function of Thurtene, but all outsiders are barred.

These men of mystery, however, have been working since 1905, when thirteen BMOC's, or just good guys, as one member stated for publicity purposes, got together and formed a club. Most of them were fraternity men who wanted to meet some place on equal terms and work in co-operation, not at odds, as fraternity men usually do. The initiation gave them the opportunity to punish one another for past and future grievances and after that they all felt better, and turned their energy to the promotion of school spirit.

There must be a lot of bad feeling among the fraternities because that initiation, according to Myron Golub, this year's president, is an ordeal from which it took him a week to recover. (Cottage cheese in the hair is one mild torture we stole from the ritual book.) But suffering is an important principle impressed upon Thurtene members. They must bear all for the spirit of their organization. And President Gollub almost admitted that the dinners they give

with their excess money are worth a few hardships.

Down through the academic years since 1905 the work has been carried on, as secret as ever. Mysterious black letters summon Junior men to a meeting place and they are initiated into the sacred order of the Thurtene. Every October this ceremony occurs and the traditions are turned over to a new class.

Past members have become successful business men and prosperous professional people. Not millionaires, one member said, but comfortable. And after all, Thurtene makes it part



Sig Chis break ground for their egg-throwing booth.

of the ritual to remind its members of the frailty of their bodies, of the death, and of the grave that awaits them at the journey's end... and the folly of fixing the affections and love upon earthly things and worldly vanities.

(This is an Eliot colossal first, snatched practically verbatim from the Thurtene Constitution. We may be riding the rails by the time this goes to press for entering this holy of holies.)

In the membership roll of 1910 is the name of Hugh M. Ferris, who has gained wide recognition in architecture with his bold and advanced buildings of the future and his al-

most revolutionary predictions in design. He received his Master of Architecture degree in 1928 and in 1933 illustrated the Washington Alumni Fund Association's bulletin with six full page drawings.

In the class of 1914 is the name of Charles Duncker and the notation: "Killed in action, 1918, Thiaccourt, France." Duncker Hall was erected in his memory.

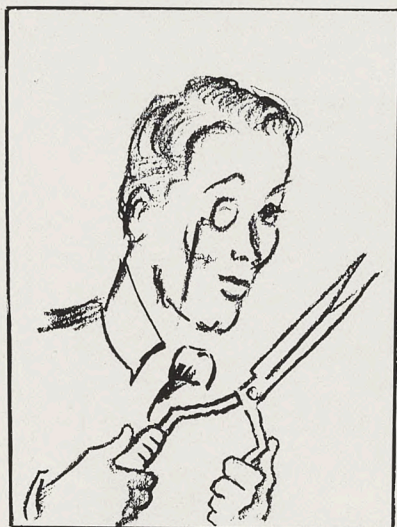
Listed with 1930 is Harvey Jablonsky, who played football for four seasons here and then went to West Point and gained nationwide recognition as Captain of the Army team.

The 1939 Thurtene members have arranged tonight's Thurtene Carnival, which promises to be the super-gala event it has been in the past, with merry-go-round and ferris wheel, dance orchestra and amusement booths. As to the life story behind the carnival, no one knows. It seems to have begun years ago, sponsored by Pralma (which developed into ODK), then by the "Y," and finally by Thurtene. But when or where, it's anyone's guess. We rifled the Thurtene Constitution hoping to find a clue, but we couldn't sack the Chancellor's files. Booths will be arranged in a semi-circle around the Bowery, a dime a dance hall where the orchestra from the band, under the direction of Ted Horowitz, will play to Pan-Hel. Monte Carlo and gyp games will be manned by Phi Delts; Tau Kappa Epsilon will take personal photographs, saving the negatives for next year's Hatchet; Sigma Chi will give upper classmen a chance to throw eggs at freshmen; Theta Xi has put a special assessment on its members to pay for the cash prizes at its shooting gallery; Sigma Alpha Epsilon has collected milk bottles for the throwing booth; Sigma Phi Epsilon will swell its coffers with a penny pitching game; Phi Beta Delta has gone electrical in chance throwing equipment; Sigma Alpha Mu will operate a number of jackpot slot machines; Alpha Tau Omega has revived the old ducking stool; Pi Kappa Alpha has quietly collected Liberty League members and Greek major students and Quad Shop queers for its freak show; a

(Continued on page 23)

BUSHY BIRD

My name is Algimere Mayshuffle-Doonstouffer, which fact illustrates that I've been getting unlucky breaks since my christening. Up until my twenty-first marker I had managed to stave off the wolves and such on the



four quid allowance which rolled in as long as I stood in good graces with the pater. All I have to subsist on is what I can wring out of the old boy, and it is notorious that the latter does not make easy wringing. The fourth Lord of Doonstouffer, though a man who has the stuff in sackfuls, hates loosening up. Moths have nested in his pocketbook for years and raised large families.

And so when several months back Homer Garfinkle and I exchanged blows in the center of Gosvenor Square over a demure wench who hopped tables at The Wilkesshirte, Lord Mayshuffle-Doonstouffer decided that once and for all he would bring domestic peace to the Isles by bundling off his heir and namesake.

One morning Laringbutter prodded me at an ungodly hour and informed me to hoof it down to the library with celerity plus. With one eye almost open, I rapped gaily on the portal — perhaps all is forgiven, thought I.

"All right, Algimere, don't stand there like an idiot knocking down the door. Sit down here. I've got some good news—"

The other eye opened. Those were

the first kind words I had heard in six weeks.

"—for me. Your Uncle Eustace has consented to let you attend his university in Vermont. I've made arrangements for you to leave for America immediately so that you can arrive in time for the new semester. Goodbye, Algimere, we all need the rest."

My only recollection of my Uncle Eustace was from a picture in the library album and if that heavy-browed, long whiskered caricature was as woozy as he looked, I knew I was in for it.

And he was. I registered at Scythemore University on time, and my Uncle Eustace, who is a regular jack-of-all-trades around the place, gave me a rather breezy reception, stroked his flowing chin decorations, and let me know in very emphatic terms that none of "my prattle-rattle could occur here."

I was in the depths. Absolutely. I had to pay good coin for a silly skull cap affair and was paddled for treading on some kind of sacred soil or something. I was low. No mistaking that.

I knocked off to sleep early being interrupted only by a night-mare in which my Uncle was a six-headed bull, and a loud ta-too on the door — the whole room shook—all six feet of it. I groped for the knob, found it, twisted it, and quicker than you can start a revolution, it felt like the whole Russian army was trooping into my boudoir. I found an empty space where I could turn my head and gaze upon this pre-cereal invasion. The din was terrific. My first glimpse revealed that every inch of space was occupied by individuals in excruciatingly bright pantaloons and long cigarette holders; my hand was being wrung with great warmth and names were being barked into my ear. I was impressed with the fact that this was Pi Phi Chi at its best.

At last I disentangled my larynx and dished out the query—

"What do you want with me?"

"We're rushing you."

"Why?"

This caused a momentary lull.

"Why—er—we want a man of your caliber to join the best fraternity."

"Fraternity?"

"Yep, fraternity."

"Oh, fraternity!"

"Yeah, fraternity."

Things seemed to be clearing up. I shoved my neck to the right to ease out a kink.

"You don't want to live in a two-by-four like this. C'mon over to the Pi Phi Chi house. Only the select men of the campus stay there."

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah."

"Well, that's awfully kind of you chappies. My name's Algimere Mayshuffle-Doonstouffer."

"Gosh, that's too bad."

"Yes, isn't it? My uncle is Dean of the college."

"You mean old Beer-nose?"

I recalled my Uncle's rather scarlet nasal protrusion and nodded.

"Well, we'll be seeing ya, Goonstuffer."

And with that the Russian army marched out. I was to learn later that Unc Eustace frowned on fraternities—in fact, Uncle frowned on almost everything; but the riff with the Pi Phi Chis was of long standing. He and the brothers had not been speak-



ing since they filled all the ventilators with limburger cheese on Uncle Eustace's birthday.

After a time Scythemore became a little more hospitable to me and events seemed to be definitely looking up. In no time at all I was tossing around

(Continued on page 21)



BENNY GOODMAN HITS THE CAMPUS

...The Quad was very serene one morning and everyone was having fun jelling in the sunshine... Suddenly the crowd raised a cry, "Look, look, here comes Benny Goodman, oh joy!"... Two little jitterbugs give Benny a great big welcome; hero worshippers... Benny the King arrives on the scene in a cute convertible... Jimmy Conzelman and the gang take Benny on an inspection tour of the quadrangle and Benny thinks the whole institution is in the groove... A lot of jitterbugs want to attract Benny's attention, and little jitterbug Stealey looks very chic in order to attract the King's attention... More hero worshippers... Jitterbug Barbee also wants attention, but doesn't he always?... Benny passes Busch and gets a whiff of the afternoon odours... Benny starts back toward the cute convertible... Goodbye, Benny, Goodbye.

PHOTOS BY DICK KOKEN



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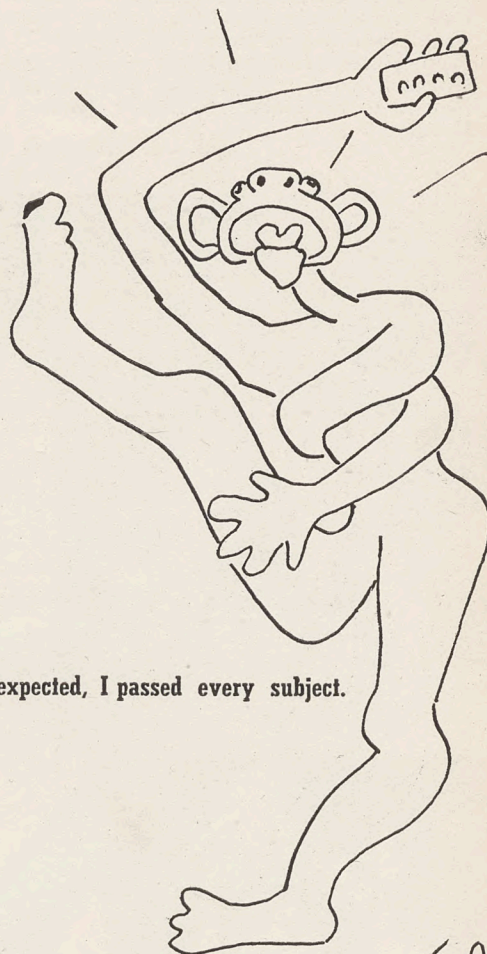
MY OD



My final examinations were easy as pie.



Then I went to a large metropolis



As I had expected, I passed every subject.



And secured a position with Mr. Blotz.

DYSSEY

»

»

»



Commencement was very impressive.



I enjoyed the work immensely...

And now I am a millionaire.

W.W. MEAD.



THE BRIGHTEST blush of the month was seen on the puss of Bob Cooper who was in charge of the Press Club initiation. It was time to initiate our girl Cordelia See and Bob thought it would be snazzy to make Cordelia propose to any one in the room whom she chose (he was pretty sure that she'd pick on Louie Gottschalk). But form reversed itself when Cordelia immediately turned on Cooper himself and put on one of the prettiest proposals you've ever seen. At one time in the proceedings, with her hands stroking his hair, Bob nearly sunk through the floor. Nobody else was asked to propose that night.

Ted Young has had a rather stormy career and most of his time has been devoted to getting into trouble, but we have uncovered one touch of sentiment in him, a different Ted, that is to say. It all happened when we espied a letter addressed to Ted, that bore a Hollywood stamp on it. Our nose for news led us inside the flap and there we found: "Dear Ted: So glad that you liked me in 'Three Smart Girls.' I'm very happy that you got to see the picture, etc., etc.," and at the close of the lengthy epistle was the line, "...and I'm going to tell all the other girls about you." Yes sir, it looks like a sure romance between our Ted Young and Hollywood's Deanna Durbin; the only fly in the ointment is that the letter was mimeographed.

We hate to tell this one on our side-kick Betty Budke, but noos is noos. It so happens that Baby Dumpling was in the Courtesy Sandwich Shoppe on Delmar; one of the features of this emporium is a penny machine which tells one one's personality. Betty, having been a Kappa, is gullible, so she dropped a copper in the slot and the machine registered "Dumbness." Not convinced she tried again and the same "Dumbness" showed up. Everyone else on the A.T.O. roller-skating party tried the machine and there were no more dumbnesses in the lot. Bud tossed off the incident in her usual way and proceeded to flirt with the sandwich man. Little girl, what next?

The Phi Delt's sat down to dinner one night, all set to dig into the usual hash, when they suddenly discovered that chief-hash-eater Bill Record wasn't at the table. After waiting a few minutes, one of the brothers

went upstairs to see what could be keeping Second-Helping Bill. He found him with his ear glued to the radio, copying down the words to "Heaven Can Wait," just as fast as he could. Knowing Bill's singing voice, we'd say that a certain Theta is in for one helluva crooning.

A big notice on the Phi Delt bulletin board reads: "Spring has arrived. If anyone has seen the real thing around, please let me know. This is on the level, fellows. I'm lonesome.—Pete Mara." The grass must grow thick around that bulletin board.

At the Sig Nu houseparty, held at Wildewood, it took Joyce Witte and date exactly three hours to walk to the river and return—it took Mary Evelyn Shepherd and date exactly three minutes.

Bobby Baumgartner has been giving Pi Phi's Peggy Ray a terrific rush with orchids and sweets... Mel Norris asked Esther Zwilling to take his pin and it seems that Esther was Zwilling... Ranny Lorch is doing his Sally Alexander routine again... Charlotte Sherwin left her newly acquired Pi K. A. pin on the dresser when she went to the Delt Gam convensh at Dallas... there were a lot of cute southern boys there, no doubt... Dick Compton and Dorothy Cromwell, the Theta Amazon, were on a picnic... Dick started picking on Dottie... a wrestling match ensued... Dick was pinned in three minutes flat... Bud Barbee is trying to start a new kissing record... you know what we think of guys who need excuses...

Jackie Davis, self-styled columnist, is a person of vast importance. With the facility of Tennyson's stream she goes on and on with choice little literary morsels that will undoubtedly go far toward making her one of the top flight columnists of the era. There's no doubt about it; we'll have to find a place for J. Davis alongside the other great—she has already asked Dorothy Thompson and Alice Longworth to move over. True it's regrettable that a person with a scent of talent should lose her literary temper. But enough of that—J. Davis has become a person of importance in her first year at school. Of course she has, just ask her.

(Continued on page 20)

THE HITLER MURDER CASE

San Antonio *Light*, Nov. 26 MYSTERIOUS GERMAN TROOP MOVEMENTS

CELESTAT, FRANCE (On the Rhine), Nov. 26 (AP).—A great stir was caused here today by the heavy movement of German troops, easily visible across the Rhine, away from the border. Troop concentrations and movements are common at the great German defenses here, but inhabitants said that never before had there been such an extensive movement away from the frontier. It is said by some observers that the defenses are now virtually unmanned.

New York *Times*, Nov. 28 HITLER BELIEVED DEAD

PARIS, Nov. 28 — Special to the Times—Reports filtering in from Germany aroused a wide-spread belief here that Adolf Hitler is dead. Most of the reports were unofficial and unauthenticated, but they were substantiated in part by the recent mystery surrounding the entire German government . . . French government quarters would make no comment . . .

Denver *Post*, Nov. 29 HITLER DEAD

BERLIN, Nov. 29 (AP).—The censorship which has held all Germany rigidly within its grasp for the past week broke down for the first time today long enough to make known the fact that Adolf Hitler died late in the evening of Nov. 27, and explained that he had been in a grave condition for several days previously. No more information was forthcoming . . .

Allen Features Syndicate, Nov. 26 ROUND THE WORLD IN FIVE MINUTES A DAY

By Frank Harrison
... This column would hardly want to be quoted about it, but a friend of a friend of ours heard from somebody or other that things are not quite what they seem in Germany today. He even went so far as to opine that the Father-

land was now a headless boy. Well, there it is. Don't blame us, because we're only repeating what we heard...

London *News*, Nov. 27 DEVELOPMENTS IN GERMANY

Travellers arriving here today from various places in Germany brought with them amazing tales of strange events taking place there. They were unable, however, to assign any reasons for the events, being completely ignorant of their purpose.

The stories, though varied, all agree on certain points: notably, that the German government is enforcing a stricter censorship and control over personal freedom than has even before existed there. Soldiers patrolled the streets, enforcing an eight o'clock curfew each evening. Government buildings were closed to the public. Everywhere, rigid barriers were erected between the German government and the people . . .

London *Daily Mail*, Nov. 30 HITLER WAS ASSASSINATED

The *Daily Mail* has learned authoritatively from persons who do not wish to be quoted, that the death of Adolf Hitler was caused by the machinations of a mysterious band of international assassins. It is widely feared that the murderers will not stop with the death of Hitler, but will turn next to Daladier, Mussolini, and even Chamberlain. The reason given is that the assassins are fanatics pledged to remove from the world all of the "higher-ups" who, they believe, are behind all the events and crises leading the world to another war. It is believed that they will stop at nothing.

Kansas City *Star*, Nov. 30. GERMANY COLLAPSES *Censorship Breaks Down Completely Government Paralyzed by Loss of Leader*

BERLIN, Nov. 30 (AP)—Chaos broke out today in virtually every German city as a downtrodden, fear-ridden people suddenly felt their re-

lease from the yoke of oppression. With the collapse of the government on the death of Adolf Hitler, leaders scrambled madly for the reins, with the result that murder, anarchy, and civil war are prevalent. Whole cities in northern Germany were in flames as a result of the battle between followers of Goering and Goebbels, each of whom has been striving to replace Hitler. The whereabouts of these two men is unknown, but it is believed that they have either been killed or have sought refuge in foreign countries.

. . . the identity of the band of assassins, and their plans for the future, are completely unknown, and a source of fear to every government in the world. The question that is on the lips of every civilized person is, "Where will they strike next?"

St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Dec. 1 POLAND, CZECHOSLOVAKIA MAKE PACT TO PARTITION GERMANY — NO FEAR OF REPERCUSSIONS, SAYS CHAMBERLAIN

PRAHA (PRAGUE), Dec. 1. (AP)—At an all night joint session of the cabinet of Poland and the newly formed cabinet of Czechoslovakia here last night, a treaty was made and signed providing for the partitioning of Germany between the two countries. The details were not given, but reports indicate that Poland will take over East Prussia and Germany proper east of the Weser and north of Czechoslovakia; while the latter country will receive the rest of Germany, and Austria.

St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, Dec. 3 CONFESSION IN HITLER ASSASSINATION

BERLIN, POLAND, Dec. 2 (Yesterday) (AP)—The Polish secret service announced late today that it had captured a man giving his name as Emil Donnervetter, who made a full confession of his assassination of Adolf Hitler. Donnervetter, who managed to escape shortly after confessing, was described as a small, timid man who chewed his bedraggled gray moustache and crumped a battered

* (Continued on page 24)

1919

LOOK OUT! SHE'S THE "WILD WOMAN"



ONE WHIFF of that workman's smelly briar, and Borneo Bess went on a rampage! Hey, you—clean your pipe and smoke a mild tobacco that *smells* good!



AFTER THEY quieted Bess, they made it a permanent peace by refilling the offending briar with a sweet-tastin', grand-smellin' burley blend: Sir Walter Raleigh!

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

NEW RADIO PROGRAM: Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House," 10:30 EDST Tues. nights, NBC Red Network.

I often listen to the conversations of people I don't know. I make no apologies for my sin; it's a very interesting pastime.

The other night on the bus I heard someone behind me.

"George! George! After all these years! And here of all places!"

It was a woman's voice, not loud, but full and round, with a little roughness about the edge. Some kind of emotion made the words carry so forcefully they almost jabbed me in the back, and I wasn't the only person who turned to stare.

She was not very attractive. Her joints were angles instead of curves; she was too old to get away with Brooks sweaters and casual sloppiness; and her hair, drooling down her white cheeks from beneath a limp, gray hat, reminded me of sulphur and molasses. The baldheaded little man to whom she spoke had a paunch, and under the public gaze, he turned a delicate coral with embarrassment. I faced forward again and settled back comfortably in the leather seat, ready to eavesdrop.

"Bless me, — Janie!" George was saying, his voice very soft and proper. "How many years has it been?"

"Twenty-one," she answered. "We haven't seen each other since graduation."

There was a little cluck of amazement. "It can't be. Well, Janie, just you keep mum, and nobody'll know but what you're still in school." He chortled, gathering his courage for the lie. "You're the same willowy Janie you used to be—the college man's dream-girl."

Her laugh was not amused. Janie evidently wasn't the type of woman who squints her eyes when she looks into a mirror.

"You haven't changed either, George," she said. "That's the line you used when you were running for Junior president."

They both seemed to think this pretty funny, and after a moment, he lowered his voice confidentially.

"You know, I was under a terrific handicap during that campaign."

"How so?"

"Why, I'd just been turned down by the ramy on account of flat feet. The news leaked out, and it pretty near ruined my reputation as a Campus Casanova."

They laughed again, and in the reflection in the window beside me, I saw Janie reach over to take George's hand.

"We loved you just the same," she said. "I couldn't have lived without you." She was silent for a minute; then she whispered: "D'you remember one night in 1919, George—the night of the Junior party?"

I heard the little man gulp, but he was brave even if his feet were flat. "You mean the night I kissed you?"

Janie was surprised. "Yes, I believe you did kiss me. But I was thinking of the way we slipped away from the rest of the crowd and went walking in the Chancellor's garden."

His words were muted, but there was a tremor of nervousness in them. "Uh—I do recall—vaguely. Let's see—what kind of party was there?"

"Deadly?"

"No, I mean, wasn't there a special occasion or something?"

"It was a substitute for the Junior Prom. So many fellows had gone overseas there weren't enough boys left to take the girls to a big dance, so we decided we'd just have a small party at the Chancellor's. We went—and were bored, and a long toward midnight, you took me out into the garden, in the moonlight—"

In the reflection, I saw George running a finger around the inside of his collar while he tried vainly to extricate his hand from Janie's clutch.

"I'm married now, Janie. Haven't you heard?" There was a desperate brightness in his speech.

Janie was impervious. "We walked out to the summer-house and sat down beside a trellis of roses, and you put your arm around me—"

"Yes, I married a little girl from Louisville. Sweetest thing you ever saw. Pretty as a picture—"

"You held my hand—"

"We've got three kids,—the oldest

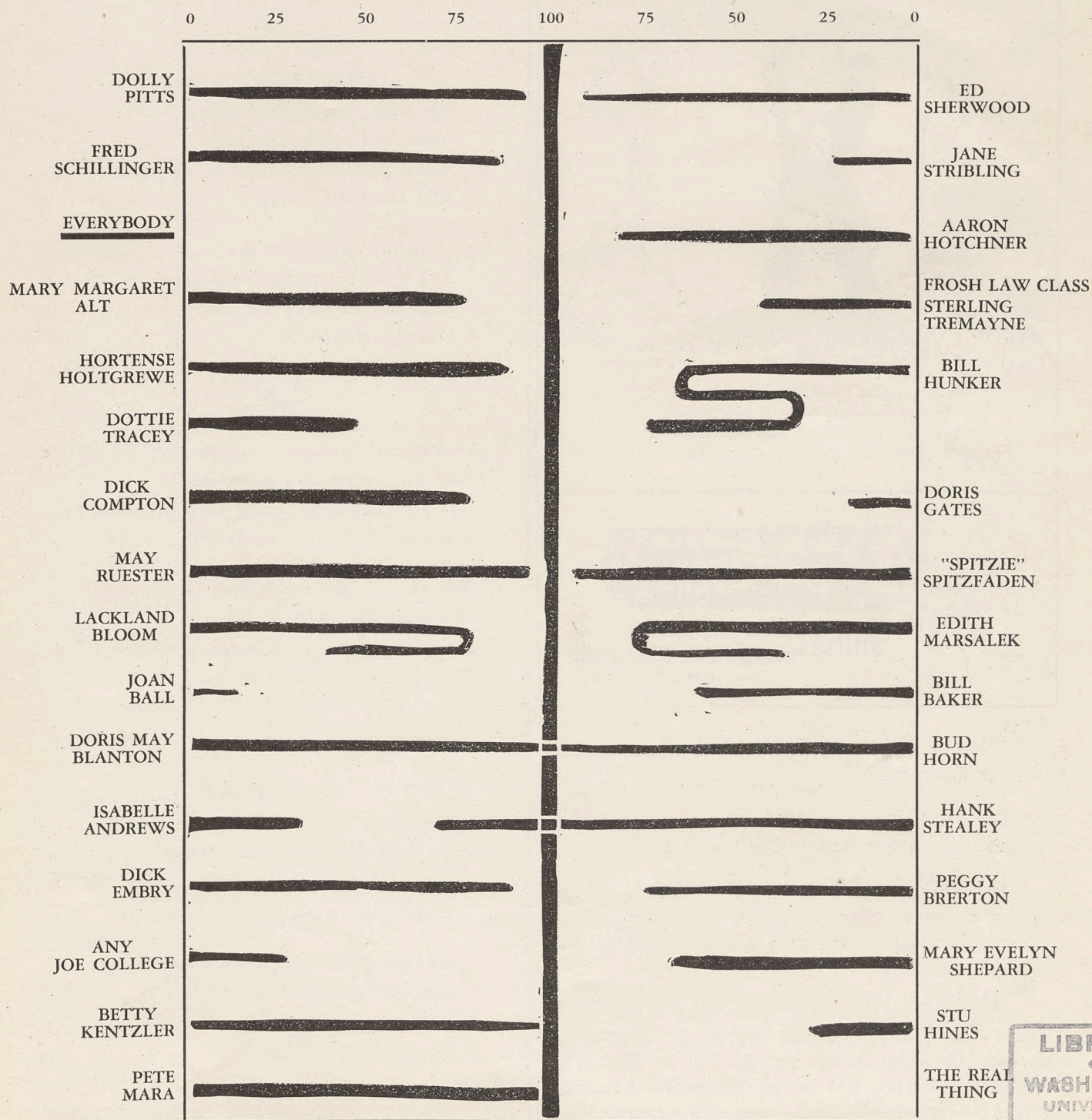
(Continued on page 23)

Eliot's LOVE GRAPH

READ PERCENTAGES AT TOP.....IF
THE LINES MEET ALL IS PERFECT "BLISS."

Guaranteed correct to 1/10 of 1%

Drawn by Mary Anne Chiles



FREE! A box of Life Savers

to

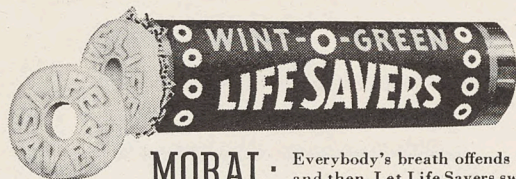
Carroll J. Donohue

for the following joke:

They tell the pitiful story of Sally Brown, whose good name was ruined. She married a fellow named Schlemplewitz.



At breath that's tainted with cheroots,
Fair maidens oft turn up their snoots.
Make sure *your* breath does not offend—
Try Wint-O-Green Life Savers. friend.

**MORAL:**

Everybody's breath offends now
and then. Let Life Savers sweet-
en and freshen your breath after
eating, drinking, and smoking.

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

POET'S CORNER**SHE DWELT AMONG THE TRODDEN WAYS**

She dwelt among the trodden ways,
She sat upon the Quad—
A maid who watched the boys go by,
And gave to each the nod.

Now that she's gone we miss her face
Beneath the accustomed tree;
And oh! the beauty of the Quad
Is all but lost to me.

(Wordsworth)

EXAM SANS MERCI

Ah, what can ail thee, college man,
Alone and palely loitering?
While grass is sprouting on the Quad,
And sweet birds sing?

I see the frown upon thy brow,
The Spanish text upon thy knee;
Examinations come full soon—
Dost worry thee?

(Keats)

Under the bright and cloudless sky,
Find me a place and let me lie
Down on the Quad, while the world goes by
And the tower clock stands still.

This you can tell my friends for me:
"Here he lies where he longs to be,
Eating the green grass under the tree
With nothing but time to kill."

(Stevenson)

QUAD FEVER


I must go down to the Quad again,
To the happy Quad and the sky,
And all I ask is a shady tree
And a co-ed to sit by.

And the warm sun, and the cool breeze,
And the students walking,
And the young shoots of the green grass
To eat while talking.

(Masefield)

—Jean McGregor.

SENIOR CHART

My Name	Sorry to Leave 'cause	Glad to Leave 'cause	Poorest Course	Most Likely To Succeed	Gonna Do Next Year
PHIL WILLMARTH	I'm lazy	No more Eliot	Political Science	Lack. Bloom	Try to keep out of trouble
ELAINE FOERSTER	I don't know what I'll do next	No more homework	Economics	Dick Yore	Earn a little money I hope
CARROLL J. DONOHUE	Things will be more difficult	Six years is too much college	Future Interests	You know damn well	Practice Law
CAM HIGGIN- BOTHAM	School's peachy stuff	'nuff school	Not talkin' school's not out yet	T'would be immodest to say	Roosevelt's job will be open in '40
BUD SKINNER	I'll have to work	Am I?	Money and Banking	Dick Yore	I hope work
HELEN CLOSE	It's all over	No more exams	Economics	Dotty Moore	Teach School
JIM SIDO	? ? ! ! !	A.S.A.B.	Physics	Name one	Loaf
LACKLAND BLOOM	I will have to work now	No 8:30's	Economics 2	Donohue (in a band)	Learn some law
PETE MARA	I'm not sorry	My first big job will be over	Anything Joe Klamon teaches	We all might	Sell life insurance
DICK KOKEN	It's been fun but 	I've had enough	Physical Ed.	Me!	Work
BYRDIE BISTON	I'll miss people	I'll miss people	Gym	Tarz (Geo.) Kletzker	Sleep
BOB GARTSIDE	No more loafing	I don't know	Physics	DeGrand	Make Munitions
DICK HOFFMEISTER	No more gravy wagon	New faces	Open 'til June 6	See Column No. 1	Undertake to be an undertaker
BOB COOPER	I like it here!	Times have changed	English 101	It won't be me	Wish I knew
FRANK SARATOWITZ	Because I'll miss someone	I'll be able to go somewhere else	Education	I'm shy	Join the Navy and let the world see me
DALE STANZA	I'll miss Klamon	I'm tired of it all	Hello Cable	Stone	Work
JOHN POULOS	I'll miss Klamon	I'll miss Klamon	Psych	Dick Crews	Same as Crews
DICK CREWS	I'll miss Klamon	I'll miss Klamon	Psych	John Poulos	Same as Poulos
BING DAVIS	It's the ideal life for a lazy man	Seven years are a long time	Legal Processes	Your guess is as good as mine	Practice Law
WM. NORRIS	I'm not sorry	I won't be here any more	All of them	Me—of course	Have fun for a change

MY PET PEEVE

Regularly each semester, for four years now, we have been presented by our professors with grades—numerical estimates of our various aptitudes. These subjective ratings are a part of the system, and we are told, are beneficial inasmuch as they constitute incentives to improve, demands for diligence, and rewards for excellence.

There has been some effort on the part of certain individuals and organizations on the campus to establish a reciprocal system, whereby we might grade our instructors—but nothing has ever materialized in this regard.

It seems a shame that, for some obscure reason, our preceptors are being deprived of the benefits of a grading system which we enjoy—i.e., incentives to improve, etc. A few unequivocal F's handed out by the students might go a long way toward renovating and enlivening certain hypnotic lectures and courses presented in the paleolithic manner.

True, the grades might be somewhat shocking—but so are some of the courses.

Phil R. Willmarth,
Editor Student Life.

It is difficult to choose any one grievance, but speaking in general terms, I believe that it is the fact that the administration seems to fail to understand the technique of co-operating with the students, of selling itself to the students so that they feel that it is doing everything in its power to make their stay at Washington more enjoyable as well as more valuable. I believe that the attitude could best be described not as reactionism, but rather as negatism.

Robert Byars,
Editor of Hatchet.

The other day as I paused on the steps of Ridgley to kick the mud from my shoes after having come from the Sig Chi House, Hotch accosted me with the request that I give vent to one gripe before leaving the campus. All I had to do was to look toward the east, across the

grassy Quad covered with students basking in the sun, over to the dark windows of Brookings. There was the sum of my gripes. The majority of the student body as well as a major part of the administration are too passive, too willing to take the easiest way out. And the easiest way out of most things is to say "No." To say "Yes" means the beginning of something new and consequently increased responsibility, while "No" means a continuation of the "status quo." It has been my experience that it is almost impossible to get both student and administration support of any one project. Yet, without both, nothing worth while can be accomplished. Except in a few cases, any project which has received complete support of both the student body and administration has required so little of either that it never amounted to anything. Some people must be taught to say "No"—perhaps Washington U. can still learn to say "YES."

Gene Friedrich,
President Band.

One reform I'd like to see is to have us sign up in the spring for our fall course. If the schedule of classes, professors, hours, and, ideally, the exams were available early in the spring, and a dead line set for making out our programs, then registration in the fall would be much pleasanter for us and for the office force, and rush decisions would be eliminated.

Lois Jane Keller,
Pres. Mortar Board.

TOWERS AND THE TOWN

(Continued from page 7)

One of the first victims of this wicked magician was the Editor of Student Life, and do you know? He feels no dislike whatsoever for the Eliot, but actually thinks it is quite clever. He would much rather be a "stooge" than a B.M.O.C., and he would rather sit at home and write long tirades against the lazy student and campus activities, which he describes as the organized hokum of college life.

Another victim of this mystic student was the Hatchet Editor. Some of the statements he made while his will was helplessly dominated are too incredible to repeat, but a few of them, while less sensational, are more in keeping with what one might expect of such an upstanding person. He loves everything and everybody, even the members of the faculty. But he despises all women. "I hate them more than I hate swearing," are his quaint words. And yet he has a strong suppressed love for swing music, final examinations, and saddle shoes.

An illustrious member of the faculty who teaches history and has a moustache, was forced to admit that he likes to tease little children and pull their ears and make them cry. He also admitted that he often dreams about shaking hands with Hitler and kissing him on both cheeks.

A Campus Y leader confessed he was a neurotic, and atheist, and an opportunist. He said he had always wanted to retire to a small Pacific island, dangle his toes in the cool ocean, and let humanity rot.

There's a lot more we could divulge but our tongue has wagged enough—it is dangerous business laying bare the secrets of a Dracula, and we must have care lest we stir his wrath. Be careful—you may be next.

MONKEY CHATTER

(Continued from page 14)

Press Club floats through the year vainly trying to cajole its members to the regular meetings, but comes to life for its special occasions.

Naturally, a journalism honorary is a serious minded aggregation, so a real live Dean spoke at its banquet. His subject was "Infants and Infancy, and Adults and Adultery."

At its initiation, the journalism creed (an idealistic pledge practically as resounding as the Oath of Hypocrates) was sworn to and candidates were tested to prove their qualifications. Dorothy Royce received the greatest acclaim for her talk on the sex life of a mush-room. Helen Vickers got to say what she pleased

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BUSHY BIRD

(Continued from page 9)

such American lingo as "screwy," "lousy," and "phooey"—I felt ready for my first papers. Even the old pigeon-hole became rather chummy and with a little practice I learned to hurdle the bed and get to the washstand in one hop. A few of the Pi Phi Chis would come over of a twilight and talk about England and smoke my cigarettes. In fact, dear reader, it really looked like Algimere Mayshuffle-Doonstouffer had come into his own—even Uncle Eustace noticed this.

"Algimere," he said, "if you only had a little brains you'd be a fine student. Your father is impressed by your actions and he's coming over next month to visit you."

It was at the height of this "calm o'er all" period that one night Butch Donnelly and I went to the N.I.X. sorority dance (Nu Iota Xi). Butch was fullback or quarterback or water boy or something on the football team and he fixed a bid for me. The thing was quite ordinary, featuring Pie-Eye O'Connor & His Nine Goofys—the goofys seemed to find fiendish delight in blowing those brass things so loudly that the chaperons had to hang on to their toupees. It was while I was standing in a corner filing a finger nail that a couple flitted by, and as they flitted, they flit over one of my 11½ B's and splattered all over the hard wood. I stood blinking at the catastrophe and then, collecting my thoughts which were sneaking off, I bounded to the side of the organdy dress which I had upset. Nothing seemed to be stirring. Some one had brought along a glass of water with chunks of ice swimming in it and then, recalling one of the "Easy Ways of First Aid" which I had learned at Brighton, I emptied the glass down the back of the organdy. Well, I



"Why don't you have the toaster regulated!"

certainly got results. The organdy flew off the terra firma and broke into something that looked like the apache dance from "Il Travatore"—finally, things began to subside and the organdy, rather faded in places, turned toward me. I rubbed my blinkers. This was positively celestial. In a blinding flash of revelation I saw that I had been all wrong in supposing that I had loved Nedra Bellydoo and all the other girls who from time to time had turned me down. Just boyish infatuations, I could see now. This was my soul mate. There were none like her, none.

It seems that her partner had sprained an ankle or broken a calf or something and was led off and after the curious had dispersed, she and I were left in the corner.

"Did you put that glacier down my back?"

"I—ulp—heh. What?"

"Are you ill?"

Obviously she didn't recognize the love light as such.

"I—er—I say, are you wet?"

"Oh no, I just absorb water like a sponge!"

"Remarkable!"

"What's remarkable?"

"Your being a sponge."

"Are you trying to be funny?"

"No, not at all. Would you like me to try? I know some ripping jokes and such."

"No, thanks. Your face will do."

Just then Pie-Eye and the Nine Goofys began wheezing out the opening chorus of "St. Louis Blues." The music gave me new life.

"Shall we dance?"

"In my dripping organdy?"

"Is it really that soaked?"

"Oh, I guess I can stand it."

I began two-stepping about. I may have a pile of shortcomings but tripping the fantastic is not one of them. I can hoof it like that Astaire person. Homer Garfinkle told me so himself.

"You can hoof it like that Astaire person," he said.

Three dances and I knew I had woven the spell. With a less energetic orchestra than Pie-Eye O'Connors I could have done it in two.

"What is your name?" she inquired as Pie-Eye and the boys were getting set for the fourth piece which threatened to be a rumba arrangement of "Star-Dust."

"Algimere Mayshuffle-Doonstouffer."

"All that?"

"Every syllable."

"You mean every time anyone wants to talk to you he has to recite that long speech?"

"Well, not exactly. I have somewhat of a nickname."

"Anything would help. What is it?"

"Bubbles."

"Bubbles?"

"But if you'd prefer to—"

"Nope. 'Bubbles' will do."

For three glorious weeks Evelyn—that was the organdy's name—and I lived in bliss. It seemed that a score of cheru-

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BUSHY BIRD

(Continued from page 21)

bins were continually clanging silvery bells. I was love-bitten. And I made it a point to diversify our routine. If, I had reflected, I was going to meet this girl only at dinners and dances—the usual social round, I mean to say—all she would ever get to know about me was that I had a good appetite and India-rubber legs. Whereas if I took her to the zoological gardens and such I could be suave and witty and shower her with those little attentions which make a girl sit up and say to herself, "What ho!"

And so, as I say, things were positively soaring. Evelyn was calling me "Bubbles" with such tenderness that I could hear the wedding bells pealing or tolling or whatever wedding bells do. There was nothing which I wouldn't do for my Heart-Throb. I told her so.

"There is nothing which I wouldn't do for you, Evelyn," said I when I called for her the evening of the sorority scavenger hunt.

"That's sweet of you, Bubbles," she replied.

I had never been on a scavenger hunt before and this was rather jolly fun. We collected bottles of chewed chewing gum, white cats, mamma dolls, a burlesque poster, a live sardine, a French flag, a Yiddish newspaper, a spinning wheel, and a load of other sillies. We were knocking the list off at a rapid pace. At this rate the contest was a cinch, in the bag. By the time eleven-thirty had rolled around we had safely stowed nineteen of the twenty objects in the rumble. I took a squint at the last—"A real, live 12 inch beard." I said that this was a bit thick.

"A bit thick," I cried.

"I don't suppose you could grow one in time, could you, Bubbles?"

"Oh, now, really!"

"Well, let's go beard hunting."

"You mean you're really going to try to find a beard lying about somewhere?"

"Quite."

"Oh, I say Eve old thing, let's just haul in our collection as is."

"And lose the prize? Oh, no."

The romantic foundations seemed to rock a little. We stopped at the first drug store along the way and Evelyn hopped out with a "Be right back." She returned with one of those snippy things that you prune around on hedges with.

"Take this."

"Who, me?"

"No, the fellow next to you."

I looked but no one was there.

A little gear shifting and horn blowing and Evelyn pulled up with a screech.

"C'mon, Bubbles, bring the shears."

We were headed into the lobby of the Ambassador Hotel, the swank of the town. Evelyn stopped on the outskirts of the lobby and took a bird's-eye of the scene. Her gaze rested on something and she grabbed my arm. I dropped

the shears which fell with a clatter but the head bell-boy only gave me the eye over the incident.

"Look," Evelyn bleated, "over in that red chair."

I looked. A rather pudgy fellow was sawing away with a paper over his face and from under the paper crept an elegant beard—at least eighteen inches of solid chin growth. I was about to whistle in admiration or clap my hands or something when a rather sinister idea thrust itself wherever ideas thrust themselves.

"Isn't it a beauty, Bubbles?"

"Well, now really—"

"Boy, this will work out just right."

"I know but—"

"Take your clippers and walk up to the side of the chair. Look rather unconcerned, all the time moving closer. Then all of a sudden, grab the beard, snip, and run like hel—er—everything. I'll hold the door open for you. Be careful you don't snip part of his chin with it."

"Oh, but Evelyn—"

"Didn't you say just this evening that there is nothing which you wouldn't do for me?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, this is the acid test. Prove yourself to me."

And with that ringing voo-do-de-do she gave me a launching shove out into the center of the lobby. I reconnoitered. The red chair with the beefy man stood right in the heart of things. I took a look at the bush; for a moment I hesitated. But for Her I decided to give till the end—and this looked like the end.

Feeling like Simon Legree about to foreclose on a mortgage, I sidled up to the chair. The old boy with the bush snoozed peacefully. I fingered the shears nervously, running a finger over the blades. I could feel the fire of five hundred piercing eyes upon me. Here goes! I grabbed the beard, snipped, and made a bee-line for the exit with the eighteen inches in tow. But I never got there—that is, not alone. The route of my retreat took me past the elevator doors which opened as I began my sprint and I met head-on with a portly gentleman alighting from the shaft. The impact sent me spinning through space and I wound up with my legs dangling through the cigar case at the end of the hall. The pudgy man was screaming sinister things about the beard robbery and my glance fell with misgiving upon the elevator descendent. My nervous system experienced a distinct shock. Despite the fact that his legs were wrapped around an urn, I recognized his Lordship, my father, who had arrived just as Uncle Eustace had forewarned me. At this point the law clamored in, seized me and lifted me from the throws of the cigar case, handcuffed me, and led me off. As we passed the exit Evelyn was lurking in the shadows.

"Evelyn, tell these joshers about the game. They won't believe me."

"How dare you address strange women," said my Evelyn, said my love.

Well, that broke my spirit, my pièce de resistance, and I went off to my cell rather gaily. I spent a miserable night with the mice and the odors which still hung about me from my sojourn in the cigar case.

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one's twelve. We're happy as a lot of larks. Yes, sir!..." He was babbling in his panic.

"And I cried on your shoulder—for Charlie."

"Charlie?"

"Charlie Dawson."

"Oh." There was a pause while Charlie and his connections came pushing their way through the fog of George's memory. "Oh-o-o. You mean Charlie, my old pal, Charlie Dawson." I looked at the window and saw the little man's paunch shaking with laughter and relief. "It's been years since I thought of him. Good old Charlie." He kept on laughing; but there wasn't a sound from Janie.

At last she said, "He was killed in action—two months before the party."

This sobered him. "That's right. I'd forgotten." He attempted a heavy sigh. "He was a fine fellow—very fine. I guess he was just about my best friend during the first two years of college. We were pledged to the fraternity at the same time." Suddenly he remembered something else. "By the way, you were pinned to him, weren't you?"

"Married."

This was a jolt. "No!"

"Yes, we were married the night before he left for Camp Oglethorpe."

"Well, I'll be doggoned." George fidgeted and again attempted to separate his collar from his many chins. "Charlie was a fine chap—a splendid chap. Yes sir, there were a lot of fine, young fellows who went over there—and never came back."

"Yes, there were a lot."

The bus was quiet for a quarter of a minute. It's fat, sticky tires went smack-smack against the pavement, and the pair in back of me sat motionless, listening.

When we came to an intersection, the driver pulled over to the curb

and George jumped to his feet. He bent over his companion for a second. "I'm sorry, Janie; I just thought of an appointment in this block. See you again sometime."

He waddled up the aisle and down the steps like a fat duck.

—Juanita Hunsaker.



BUSHY BIRD

(Continued from page 22)

On the morrow, a long nosed fellow with all kinds of keys, knocked about on the iron work and woke me up.

"Yer ol' man's here ta see ya."

"Oh, really? And the pudgy man too, I guess."

"Yeah, he's here too."

I hopped out of "bed" and stood cow-faced at the bars. A rather touching scene. I imagine you saw substantially the same thing in the two-reeler—"Born A Jail-Bird." His lordship heaved into view and planted himself in front of the bars.

"Well, say something, Algemere, say something."

"Hello."

"What excuse have you for last night's events?"

"Oh, father, nothing really serious happened."

"No? Well, Algemere, take a good look at your Uncle Eustace."

I reeled. There stood Uncle Eustace unwhiskered, his long, flowing beard having been snipped off neatly at the chin.

The Southampton sails in twenty minutes. To the girl Evelyn, I bear no malice but I'm glad I faded her organdy. Uncle Eustace can grow back his bush that I clipped, in no time at all, but in the meantime he'll have to wash his face. And as for—oh, here comes the brothers of Pi Phi Chi with some farewell cheer. I think I'll sneak on board till this thing pulls out or I won't have any cigarettes left for the voyage.

—Aaron Hotchner.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW
WASHINGTON?

1. A woman.
2. Physics.
3. The quad side of Cupples I.
4. Forensic honorary.
5. Three.
6. Sophomore honorary.
7. Seven in number.
8. The Associated Collegiate Press.
9. Woman's scientific honorary.
10. All of us spent with thee.
11. 1857.
12. The art school.
13. Robert Burns.
14. Glasgow Bruce.
15. Humor magazine.
16. Sometimes right.
17. A nickel.
18. Nobody.
19. Engineering organization.
20. University Hall.
21. Blue Barron.
22. An advanced military honorary.
23. The Dewey-Decimal system.
24. President of Pan-Hellenic Council.
25. In Lee Hall.
26. Senior Vodvil Show.
27. Per Veritatem Vis.
28. Eads.
29. Elms.
30. A lion.
31. Peggy Brerton.
32. An owl hugging an old man.
33. In Brookings Tower.
34. Discere Si Cupias Intra Salvare Iubemus.
35. 19.
36. The American Student Union.
37. One in number.
38. A shingle and a key.
39. Architectural honorary.
40. They all sound pretty o.k. to us.



KEEP IT DARK

(Continued from page 8)

German band will wander around lending atmosphere; and Beta Theta Pi, Kappa Alpha, Sigma Nu, Zeta Beta Tau, and Kappa Sigma have more subtle rackets of their own. Thurtene will pay for the merry-go-round and ferris wheel.

But it's all for a worthy cause. The band has a yen to get to the Drake game next fall and so the proceeds of the Carnival will be given for that train ride. Seventy-five men strong will travel with the football team and cheer them on to victory—provided enough people get into the spirit of the thing. And everyone should—the School Spirit of the thing!

L. W. Triefenbach.

THE HITLER MURDER CASE

(Continued from page 15)

felt hat nervously in his hands as he told his story...Details of the confession have been kept secret by Polish authorities.

New York *Mirror*, Dec. 5

—EXCLUSIVE—

INSIDE STORY OF DONNERVETTER, MAN WHO SLEW HITLER

Note: Emil Donnervetter, the brave little German, who alone of all his race had the courage to rise and throw off the yoke of the oppressor, has given the *Mirror* the exclusive story of his long years of torture and tribulation under the Hitler regime—of starvation, concentration camps, the unwelcome attentions of Herr Goebbels to his beautiful wife; of the insult, indignity, and misery which have prevailed throughout Germany. Here, in his own words, is the story of Emil Donnervetter, who, with the true spirit of another George Washington, saw in himself the one hope of his people for freedom, and who prepared to sacrifice his life to rid his country of this second Nero:—(etc.)

New York *Herald-Tribune*, Dec. 10
DONNERVETTER LANDS IN N. Y., INTERVIEWS REPORTERS

Emil Donnervetter, slayer of Adolf Hitler, whose whereabouts has been unknown for several days, arrived in New York this morning on the liner "Transylvania," and for more than an hour talked to reporters in his stateroom...

When asked what had provoked his act, he said: "I was a map-maker, of the firm of Donnervetter und Kartograf. Always we were peaceful people, old Kartograf and myself. But look! What could we do? One day we put out a lovely new map of Europe with all the countries in nice different colors and everything. That was back in 1938. And then Hitler took over Austria. All our nice new maps were ruined. But we put out more maps, and hoped for the best; all corrected and pretty they were. Then came Munich; and no sooner were we over that, than he took Czechoslovakia. It was almost too

much. We were ruined, nearly. But we did nothing. I suppose I brooded over it a little too much during the summer. Then it was all of a sudden November, and Der Fuehrer demanded back his colonies from France and England. That, gentlemen, was too much, I tell you. I thought of the beautiful new globes we had just finished—hundreds of them, standing in the storeroom; and I said to myself, 'Donnervetter, it cannot be! And so I killed him.'

Asked what his plans for the future were, Donnervetter replied that he had been offered a position with the Brown-Melville Map Co. in Philadelphia, and that he would accept.

Baltimore *Sun*, Dec. 13

DONNERVETTER KILLS SELF, PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 13 (AP).

—Emil Donnervetter was found dead this morning, slumped over a drawing-board in the drafting room of the Brown-Melville Map Co., with a bottle of poison in his hand. Officials at the plant could give no reason for the act. He had reported for work in the morning in an apparently happy mood, and had been given for his first job the preliminary work on a new map of Europe to show the recent partition of Germany by Poland and Czechoslovakia, which came as a direct result of his assassination of Adolf Hitler—...

CASE CLOSED

—George Smith.

MONKEY CHATTER

(Continued from page 20)

in a three minute demonstration of her beautiful southern accent.

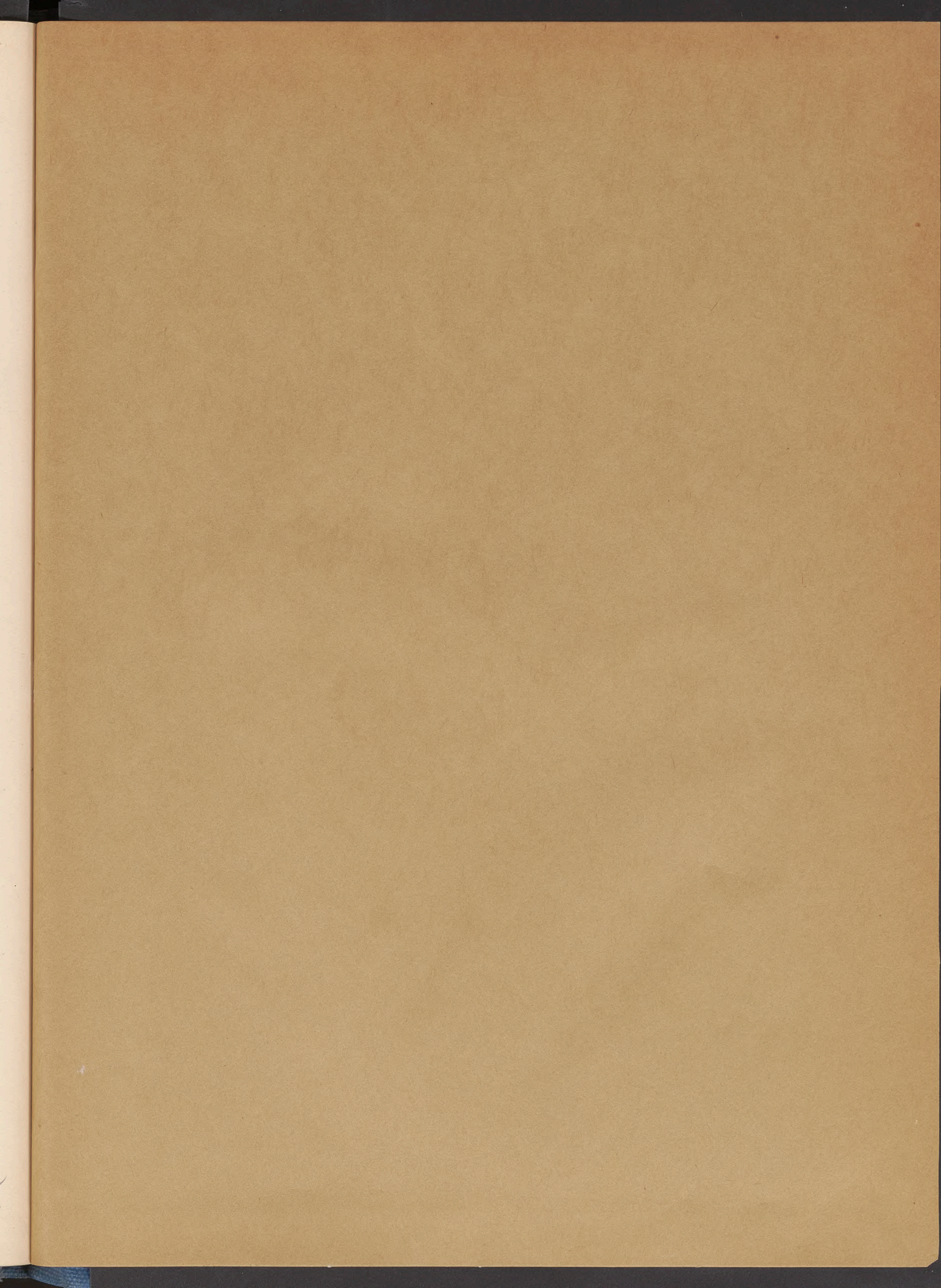
Melvin Marx, we regret to confess, was rudely booed. He was asked to propose to popular Peggy Woodlock, and simply said: "Come on, darling, let's catch the next train for Niagara Falls."

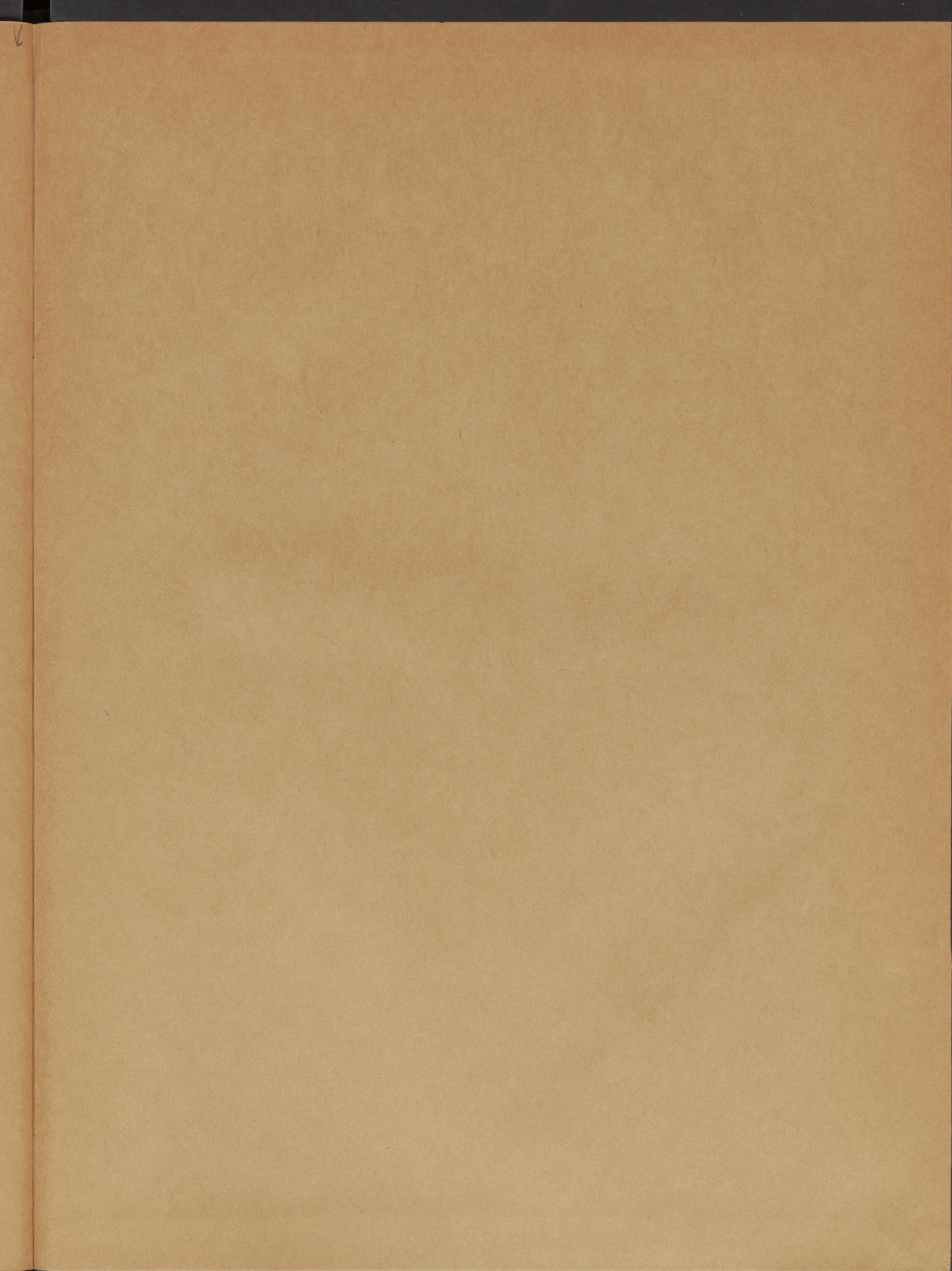
Shirley Conrad served as the demitasse which ended the game of consequences. Asked what technique she would use to persuade Johnny Lewis to take her to his fraternity's next party, Shirley declared she would be very subtle. "I'd just say, 'Johnny; I hear there's an S.A.E. dance next

Saturday. I certainly would love to go—especially with you.'"

Well, kids, this is the end of a long trail. ...for three years now we have listened to the collective pitty-pats of a campus full of hearts...we hope it hasn't made us callous...or you...For the first year we were Rickey, then Aunt Anastasia during the second year, and lately we've been Jimmy the Monk...a lot of things have been whispered in our ears that we couldn't print, a lot of other things that we shouldn't have...but nobody has ever been able to catch us in a dark alley...our policy has always been to poke fun and never intentionally hurt anyone...if we ever have, we're sorry...and with this adieu there are a couple of observations we'd like to make... Having looked them all over and heard about their likes and dislikes, our choice for the most regular gal around is Kay Galle...The most likeable, Betty Budke, who at present is laughing at Parlor Bill along with the rest of us—Stuff knows that that wool which Bill thinks he's pulling over her eyes, is half cotton... Very interesting little bundle is K.K. G.'s Edith, Egie, Edi, Tig, Girl Marsalek who will probably spend the rest of her college days sniffing out green cheese...at present Capps is rare Limburger...too bad that she says that she has her fill of a hunk of pimento that would be more interesting than all the green cheese around...but then that's what all the girls say...To Logan and Bonnell, we apologize for any discomfort we have caused you...sincerest girl we know, Bonnell...The only dame that we absolutely can't pin anything on is "Greenie" Ahern...the most terrific thing that we know about her is that she made a dress for Jean MacGregor one summer...wow!... Sally Alexander is more fun than any co-ed around, and palsy Woodlock is the most unpredictable... "Blondie" Sebastian is our unanimous nomination for the peachiest gal in these parts...The hour's late, the gossip thin, best wishes for very romantic summers and more romantic falls... Jimmy the Monk passes on and out...Oh, well!...

—A. H.





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